

A FAINT SADNESS

Dozens of tiny black ants
scout rim of bathtub.
A few search its canyon
floor. I ignore them &
turn hot-water handle
rinsing stray hairs, bits
of grit & scouts down
drain as water slowly
warms, then plug drain,
add soap & wait for
tub to fill, a faint sadness
creeping into my day.

TRAVEL BAG

In his travel bag
he carries long
underwear, t-shirt,
wool sweater, Levis,
three revolvers, a
flashlight, assorted
pills & enough
empty space to
fill a lifetime.

LITTLE TIN BOX

He carries a
little tin box
in his pocket.
It's an Anacin
tin worn down
to metal except
for a few odd
shaped patches of
yellow & white.
Inside help waits
to be swallowed.
This knowledge keeps
him going when
his will sinks
into his socks.

WRIST WRAP

My right wrist has
been bothering me
since October when
Gene & I carried
a heavy table down
his steep stairs.
Doctor Hussa said
it's tendonitis.
Put heat on it.
I use an elastic
wrist wrap when
I drive or need
my best hand for
shooting or more
intimate activities.